

Hymn of the Legionary Youth

Holy young Legionary,
With a chest having the quality of iron and a soul like a lily
Unbridled he rushes in spring,
With a forehead like a Carpathian waterfall,
With arms going up in the sun
[An] eternal Iconostasis;
We built it from rocks, from fire, from the sea
And stoutly we daubed it with Dacian blood...

|: The Guard, the Captain
We transformed into iron hawks
The Country, the Captain
And the Archangel from heaven. :|

Death, only death Legionary
It is the most costly wedding of weddings,
For the holy cross, for the country
We will defeat the forests and make the mountains obey.
There is no prison that can scare us
No pain, no enemy storm;
If we all fall, struck in the forehead,
Death is dear to us for the Captain!

|: The Guard, the Captain
We transformed into iron hawks
The Country, the Captain
And the Archangel from heaven. :|

Holy young Legionary,
We build up churches and stay brave in prison...
In persecutions all who are bitter
Sing and think of the Nicadori,
We carry in blizzard and in sun
Lights for victors,
For the brave we build altars
And for traitors we have only bullets!

|: The Guard, the Captain
We transformed into iron hawks
The Country, the Captain
And the Archangel from heaven. :|

To Battle, Workers!

In labor we had struggle and in humility,
Tyrants took away our bread...
Quite enough we clenched in pain,
With the people as a whole we bled!
In hardship and the rough sound of hammers,
Bending with hunger and needs,
From the slags of furnaces and boilers
Hungry and empty we rise.

To battle, workers!
Come, the Legion gathers
To battle, workers!
Come like a fierce storm
To battle, workers!
Masons for centuries to come,
With foreheads in the sun
We will rise victorious!

In factories, in plant and in mine,
In the middle of the deep darkness,
We broke out, fiercely, into the light
Like a hard naval rock
We walk with burning steps towards justice!
By the road of fire and the savior in heaven!
A boiling holiness beats in our chest,
And flashes on the shoulders of the aurora...

To battle, workers!
Come, the Legion gathers
To battle, workers!
Come like a fierce storm
To battle, workers!
Masons for centuries to come,
With foreheads in the sun
We will rise victorious!

The Mota-Marin Hymn

There are pyres and flames, Spain is in ashes...
Bullets fall on the alter.
In black ditches with blood and smoke
Rains shrapnel and fire.

But under the bombs,
Bullets and heaps,
Appear the Legionaries like mountains...
Injured on the horizon
The Cross appears
And they asked it for comfort on the forehead.

At night in trenches Legionaries
In the rain make their prayer...
Their dreams move across frontiers
And in their thought the Legion flashes
And they see the Captain and the country
With the saintliness of Legionary destiny.

The shells thunder, steel splashes...
Tanks start as if from hell.
And Mota in front, Marin next to him,
Red garnets fall...

Among networks,
Mines, shrapnel,
Splinters raining from above....
Struck in the forehead,
With their arms broken,
Legionaries fall by Jesus.

Mota, in the ditch, full of blood,
Whispered, while dying, a prayer:
"Death we tighten to our chests
So that the Legion may grow more proudly;
So that the Captain may make the Country
Like the holy sun in the Sky."

Legionary Hymn of Victory

We come singing from prisons,
Victors
By the dawn.
In chains our flesh was grinded,
But we have built a new beginning.
We have received persecution and torture,
For [having] faith in a different destiny,
But today we forge under the sky
An age of iron,
An age of iron.

From our wounds,
Grow the glories of the Legionaries,
And in the blue heavens
They light up like great flames
From the dungeon and darkness,
From the mine in which we suffered
With wings on ankles
The people rise towards emancipation.

We will crush all compromisers
Under the heavy steps
Of the Legionaries.
Our justice has prevailed
Flashing
Under strong shoulders.
With a chest burnt by hail and wind
You Captain, have broken the traitors
And the great Romanian destiny,
Majestically,
You accomplish.

From our wounds,
Grow the glories of the Legionaries,
And in the blue heavens
They light up like great flames
From the dungeon and darkness,
From the mine in which we suffered
With wings on ankles
The people rise towards emancipation.

March of the Vrancea Legionaries

Stefan Voda of Moldova
Has visited us through the mountains,
And he found in our forests,
Mighty falcons, many warriors.
So will you, Captain,
Climb the Putnei valleys
|: And we will give you battalions
Of young Legionary men. :|

We know that you, for a long time,
Have fought fiercely, like a hero
To rid the country of agony,
And to give it a new soul.
Let us escape ourselves, countrymen,
Who suffer from hardship,
|: Because of robbers and Jews
Who all suck off of us over and over again. :|

You, Codreanu, you are the hope
Which was given to us from Heaven,
You kill our despair,
You and your Iron Guard.
Take, as you know, in your hand, the whip
And Romanians will not perish,
|: Because we always stay under the shield
Of our pride, the Iron Guard. :|

Hymn of the Szeklerized Romanians

We waited eagerly for you Captain,
To revive ancestral feelings in us,
|: Because we lost our language and faith
Under the cruel whip of the former rule. :|

Oh come to us, Captain
We struggle in toil and bitterness
We lost the language and the law
Oh come and build us a shrine.

In our souls there is anguish,
From the outrageous actions of so many traitors,
|: You alone can kill our despair
And sadness in us for the Nicadori :|

Oh come to us, Captain
We struggle in toil and bitterness
We lost the language and the law
Oh come and build us a shrine.

Through you we will build a new country,
More lovely than the sun in the sky,
|: Give us a sign and even the mountains will fall
If they stand in the way of the Iron Guard. :|

Oh come to us, Captain
We struggle in toil and bitterness
We lost the language and the law
Oh come and build us a shrine.